

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue-making.

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of easines.

Ham. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier sence

Clow. But age with his stealing steppes *Song.*

hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

as if I had neuer been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere Caines iawbone, that did the first murder, this might be the pate of a politician, which this asse now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courrier, which could say good morrow sweet lord, how doost thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse when a went to beg it, might it not?

Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the massene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine reuolution and we had the trick to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade, *Song.*

for and a shrowding sheet,

O a pit of Clay for to be made

for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cases, his tenurs, and his tricks? why dooes he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the sconce with a durrie shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, & must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more, ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Hora,

Prince of Denmark

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calues-skin

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that, I wil speak to this fellow. Whose g

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for

Clow. You lie out ont sir, and therefore doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doost lie in't to be in't & not for the quicke, therefore thou lye

Clow. Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away

Ham. What inan doost thou digge

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, b

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lo haue tooke note of it, the age is grown pesant coms so neere the heele of the C long hast thou been Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes th'yere I came Hamlet ouercame *Portenbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery very day that young Hamlet was born England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into

Clow. Why because a was mad: a a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. Twill not be seene in him th

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Fayth eene with loosing his

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: and boy thirty yeeres.